

Facts, Fiction, Fancies and Fashion of Interest to the Women of Washington

Helene's Married Life
By May Christie
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XXXVII.—An Irritating Novel.

I rested quietly in my room before dinner-hour. For I felt tired. And there were times when I was all long for solitude.

Alice's maid—a kindly Irish girl—hovered about me for a moment. I longed for her to go. Was there anything that I needed? she inquired solicitously.

She insisted on removing the hairpins from my thick, curly tresses, and brushing out my hair.

"Madame is quite beautiful," she said with the French accent Alice has taught her to assume. She wrapped my blue kimono about me, and insisted that I lie down on the bed. "I shall return in half an hour, and prepare the bath for madame," she added smiling amiably.

She switched on a shaded electric light beside me. Madame might like to read, perhaps.

"Pass me down that book, please," I pointed to one of the latest novels on a shelf close to my bed. "Thank you," I dismissed her.

With careless fingers I turned to the pages of the book. My thoughts were on Alice, and her foolishness. And then a printed paragraph caught my eye.

"Women today are increasingly fond of playing with fire, of going as near the danger-line as possible, so long as they do not cross it, of dancing on the edge of the precipice without falling over."

That gave me a furious thought. I read the paragraph again. It seemed an echo of my own thoughts. Love of excitement! Love of change! Restlessness! Those things formed the keynote of the modern woman.

But—was she happier? I wondered.

At heart I do believe I am old-fashioned. I believe in wifehood, motherhood and home. This perpetual chasing of false goals—this endless social game—it wears me.

Few people really know the truth about us women. We pretend—pretend.

I think there is an instinct in all of us to camouflage. We don't want the world to fathom us. We like to appear mysterious, misunderstood.

But so many of us are just fakers, talking all, and giving nothing.

I twisted round into an extra comfortable position, stuck an extra pillow behind my fluffy head, and gave the book a more interested perusal.

Women whenever it becomes a question of men," I read.

I flung the book down, irritated. I dislike that horrible superior saying, "A man had written that. I was assured. A complacent, smug, superior man!"

Glancing at the name below the title, I was satisfied. Yes, this aggravating piece of sentiment had been perpetrated by a man!

But—a grain of truth lay in his words—although I hated him. For thoughts of Alice surged through my consciousness. Alice—always predatory in her instincts—would sacrifice her own best woman-friend, if the stake were some stupid meaningless flirtation with a man!

"Oh, well, we weren't all like Alice—and thank heaven for it!"

I—Helene St. Aubyn—was a different type. Not that I disliked or despised men. But—apart from Jim—they couldn't rouse emotion in me. I'd grown weary of their flattery—their unoriginal methods of attack.

Why couldn't women be plain friends with men, without all that was hectic bother? Wasn't friendship something very precious, very beautiful? I was capable of friendship. Jim had often told me so.

"The best little pal a fellow ever had," he'd often said.

Tony, too, in different fashion, had reiterated Jim's words. Yes, I could be a pal!

Then my wandering eye caught a new sentence in this irritating novel:

"There is no such thing as Platonic friendship between red-blooded men and women. It is less or more."

I made a little, angry face. This

CHILDREN'S
SUNRISE STORIES
UNCLE WIGGLY AND
JOHNNIE'S JELLY.
By HOWARD E. GARRIS

"Come, Billie! Johnnie! Time to go to school!" called Uncle Wiggly to his two Bushytail squirrel boys one morning. "Don't be late!"

"All right, I'm coming!" answered Billie. "And the lady mouse teacher told me to bring to school the sango you made for me out of a starch box. I'm going to play music this afternoon."

"That will be nice," said the rabbit gentleman. "But how about Johnnie? Isn't he getting up?"

Out from the dried leaf blankets, under which he and Billie had slept, Johnnie answered, and said:

"Oh, I can't go to school today, Uncle Wiggly. I don't feel well. My nose is hot and my tail is cold, and I think I have the epizootis."

And when the muskrat lady, who, with the bunny gentleman, was visiting for a while at the Bushytail squirrel house, looked at Johnnie, she said:

"He is a very ill little Bushytail chap! Better get Dr. Possum."

And when Billie had gone to school and the animal doctor had looked at Johnnie's tongue, Uncle Wiggly wanted to know how ill his little squirrel nephew really was.

"Oh, he might be worse," said Dr. Possum. "If he stays in the house three or four days and has some milk to drink and some acorn bread, with sassafras butter on it, he'll be all right."

"Could he have a little jelly?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Yes, he may have some huckleberry jelly if you can get any," Dr. Possum answered.

And when Dr. Possum had gone, with his powders and pills that cure all your ills, the rabbit gentleman started out to find some huckleberry jelly for Johnnie.

"What's that? Huckleberry jelly?" cried Mr. Whitewash, in his jolly big voice. "I have just one left, and you shall have it."

He brought out the huckleberry jelly for Uncle Wiggly.

"Are you sure you won't need this?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Indeed, no. Take it to Johnnie with my best wishes," laughed the Polar bear. "But be careful of it. There is a crack in the jar and the jelly is leaking out a little. Awful! But if you shall have it, too—huckleberry jelly! I'd better wrap it in a paper for you."

Losing no time, Uncle Wiggly hopped on back to poor, ill Johnnie, knowing the jelly would do him good. And when he was almost at the squirrel house Uncle Wiggly sat down to rest on a big, flat log, placing the jar of huckleberry jelly beside him.

After a while he felt better, and was just going to start off again, when, all of a sudden, out from behind a sassafras bush popped the bad old Pipsisewah, and he sat on the log, close beside Uncle Wiggly and next to the jar of huckleberry jelly.

"I have been waiting for you," said the Pip, congratulatory-like and amazing.

"Have you? What for?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"As you need to ask," gurgled the bad chap. "I want your souse, of course. And I see you have some jelly to go with it. It makes me think of a little souse—Jelly and souse should be in each house. And now I'll just nibble a little off your left ear and then I'll take some off your right and then—"

"Well, you shan't have any of Johnnie's jelly!" cried Uncle Wiggly, jumping up, and taking hold of the jar Mr. Whitewash had given him. The jar stuck to the log a little, where the sticky jelly had leaked out, but Mr. Longears managed to get it loose. And then he started to run, thinking, of course, the Pip would run after him.

"But maybe I can run faster this time," thought Uncle Wiggly. May-be I can get away."

He looked back, but to his surprise, the Pip was still sitting on the log.

"Wonder why he doesn't chase me?" thought the bunny. And in another moment he knew. For the Pip cried:

"Here! Come back here! Don't run away like that and leave me stuck here! I'm held fast to the jelly! I'm all stuck fast in the sticky jelly! Come back and let me nibble your souse!"

Simple Little Tub Frock of
Checked Gingham Pleases



It is so simple, too. The skirt is plain and the waist a regulation blouse with pretty frill-edged collar and cuffs, but the tunic is a bit odd. It consists of a straight front piece of material extended on each side. This is folded under and the under edge sewed to the skirt, while the outer edge with a narrow frilling of Valenciennes lace is left full except where it is caught at the side back in such a way as to form generous pockets.

Miss Shepley adds a patent leather belt to the dress and wears with it a coarse black straw hat faced with satin and decorated with a checked Scotch gingham she wears in the second act.

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers
To Herald Readers' Questions

There are many little odd jobs of cleaning which the thrifty housewife would like to do at home if she but knew how. I have received numerous requests for directions for cleaning this and that; sometimes it is a simple little thing, but oftentimes a professional cleaner is the only one who could do it successfully.

There are a number of simple methods for cleaning woollens. Some, of course, can be washed with soap and water, others freshened by dry-cleaning, (gasoline, benzine or cleaning powders) and others by steaming, sponging and pressing. The last two are the ones which we most often wish to put to use. To remove grease and dirt some mild soap with water should be applied followed by clear water. To remove shine use one tablespoon of ammonia to one quart of water, followed by clear water. This should be applied with a clean strip of cloth or a piece of the material itself, using light even strokes in the direction of the grain of the goods. Iron on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron or press with a damp cloth over the right side. The nap should be raised with a brush if pressed down too closely.

Husband in Error.

Dear Miss Lee: I have been married fifteen years and have four of the best children that ever lived. I have always done my own work, made practically all of the children's and my own clothes and made both ends meet when it seemed just impossible, and never minded it at all.

Now, when I ask my husband for \$5 or \$10 to buy shoes or a shirtwaist he tells me that I do not earn anything and that I must remember it is his money that I am spending and intimates that I should adore the ground he walks upon for any such favor on his part. His assertion that I do not earn anything hurt me more than I can say and it doesn't seem fair to me. What do you think about it?—JUST A HOUSEWIFE.

If things in your home are just as you have represented them, your husband is undeniably in the wrong. It is true that you do not go out, as he does, and make calls with some firm, but in your home you have done work that would bring you more than enough to support you just by keeping your house in order, caring for the children, making their clothes. In addition, you have made his house a home and cared for the little ones, and he owes you a goodly part of all he earns. Many women of today do go out and earn a living in the business world, some because they enjoy following a profession, for which they have talent, others because they consider work in an office eight hours a day preferable and less nerve racking than work from dawn to dusk in the home.

Clean Leather Bag.

Dear Miss Lee: Please tell me how I can clean a blue leather pocket book. It is very handsome, but soiled and I hate to throw it away.—DISTRESSED.

I have seen leather hand bags cleaned successfully by a local cleaning shop. I will be glad to furnish you with the name of such a cleaning establishment upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By MILDRED MARSHALL
Facts about your name; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; its significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

GENEVIEVE.

Genevieve signifies "white wave." It has the same origin as Gwen, which is considered the British Venus. The planet is Seren-Wener, as a mornin' star. Gwen is an evening star. Teutonic etymologists have tried to construe Genevieve as a combination of Gan (magic) and vaipa (a crown), but without success.

History has established the fact that the first Genevieve was a Gaul born at Nanterre in 423 and called scarcely have been given anything but a Keltic or a Roman name, and the whole family of Gwens were dear to the Celtic race, whose religion was the same as the Gaul and Briton.

Genevieve was a shepherdess like Jash of Arc, who anticipated her deeds of patriotism, though she wore no armor and carried no sword. When Paris was besieged by the Franks she walked forth unarmed in search of provisions, and her heroism so impressed the savage Franks that they granted her entreaties that the wounded be spared. When she died she was erected into the primary patron saint of Paris, and is adored as such by all Parisians down from Anne Genevieve de Bourbon. The Teutons have a Saint Genevieve of Brabant to whom has attached the story of the wife who was driven by malicious accusation to the woods, where she gave birth to an infant and was nourished by a white doe until her innocence was proven.

The French use Genevieve, also Javotte and Genevion; Italy makes her Geneviva; Germany, Genevfa. Vevey and Vevier; and Russia Zeneviva.

Her talismanic stone is amber, which is said to ward off illness and bad luck. Monday is her lucky day and her mystic number.

Coleridge wrote a charming lyric to Genevieve:

"Maid of love, sweet Genevieve,
In beauty's light you glide along;
Your eyes are like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to
Within your soul a voice there
lives.
It bids you hear the tale of woe."

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IS THIS YOUR TYPE?

By MARIE LA ROQUE
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Eyes of Genius.

If genius is, as they say, merely the faculty of taking infinite pains then the eyes of genius are the painstaking eyes in their most pronounced form. And this really seems to be the fact, for the placing of the eye that is said by many physiologists to be the one most characteristic of men and women of genius is that which shows extremely close scrutiny, intense application and steadfastness of purpose.

As a matter of fact the eye itself hasn't so much to do with it. It may be blue or gray or brown or green or any other color that is ascribed to eyes. It is the way the eye is placed that makes the difference. You know there is little chance for expression in the eye itself, anyway. The pupil may dilate under emotion and become moist, so that it appears to be especially bright, but for the most part the expression is all achieved by the play of the muscles around the eye. And so it is to the contour and action of this surrounding territory that we must look to discover earmarks of genius.

The eyelids of genius are placed low over the eyeball in this type of eye. It usually covers at least a third of the pupil. Eyes that show some white above the iris show restlessness and uncertainty. The person whose eyes habitually show white in that way belong to persons lacking in concentration.

And this is not difficult to account for. Just to make it clear to yourself, deliberately concentrate on some subject that needs close thought. Notice how the upper eyelid is lowered over the eyeball, how it becomes fixed and steady. The brow is lowered, too, and becomes straightened in contour. Well, the person of genius or the person who achieves so much that he is reputed to possess genius is the person who habitually concentrates. His eyes get into the habit of holding this position and hence it becomes a settled characteristic of his physiognomy.

Morse could never have invented the telegraph, nor could Marconi have worked out the wireless had they not lowered their eyelids in thought and concentration. They never could have acquired the vast fund of information and experience needed to carry on their experiments had they not held their eyelids in this position.

It is said that eyebrows that slope downward toward the center show an aptitude for figures. This is a



Eyes of Genius.

tendency of Chinese and Japanese eyebrows and these clever yellow men surely show remarkable ability in that direction. When the eyebrows slope downward in the other direction, being higher at the starting point, passing in long sweeping, drooping lines slightly downward in termination, they show artistic feeling and a sense of beauty of form. It is said that with the

person of really surpassing endowments the line is very nearly straight.

Very frequently persons of genius have eyes that give the effect of being very deep set and this is doubtless because of the way the eyelids are drawn over them to concentration of thought and application. Among men who had deep set eyes were: Darwin, Gladstone, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, Huxley, Thomas Jefferson, Thoreau, Tolstoy, Washington Webster and Walt Whitman—all men of genius of one sort or another.

Here's a Tip to Waiters.

If the service isn't up to the standard these days, don't blame the waiter. Maybe his abstraction is due to the fact that he's figuring on the amount of tax he will have to pay on his tips for last year. Such gratuities to waiters, bellboys, porters, etc., are not regarded as gifts, but as compensation for personal service rendered. And the government purposes to collect also from the person who owns the "hat-checking" privileges.



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